

When You Bit...

Adam Fieled

Otoliths

When You Bit... by Adam Fieled
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Sister Lovers

Three Sets of Teeth

Three sets of teeth: who
can check for cavities?
A three-way circuit: who
will start the striptease?
Three lovers in three ways:
how merrily the dance
begins. We spin, we spin,
we forget our instincts,
anima, the part of teeth
that cuts. We are sluts.
There is an "I" here that
stands for all of us, but
its eyes are shut. Sleep
lulls it to rest, not think. Or speak.

A Web, A World, Wide

You and you: more than
acquainted. You stand up
next to each other, knock
back tequila shots, scope
out cowboy belted dudes.
You're well acquainted
with velvet-handed touches,
window-pane lizards. Then
I blow into town, rugged
as a slick-booted rancher,
hard as Japanese math. I
show off rope-length for
your amusement: something's
spun: a web, a world, wide.

Salt Orchard

Oh to be between
two startled deer
on a bus, one bare-
backed, one shut-
eyed, both blue.
Oh exquisite torture.
One's more
mermaid than
deer, salt orchard.
One cannot
get too laid.
I take off my
boots, both say
shoot, shoot.

In the Street

Orgasmic Furniture Cellar:
OFC, bar-back, bare-back,
Guyville. Toast: to circles.
Then stand against a wall
in an alley, paw-slide, drip,
listen to car-screech as we
taste the first spoils tingle.
Couples leave: we laugh,
being more, being three.
Throw down a butt: it's
a red flower dropped,
a filled cup, I'm your butt.
Mouths: scotch-tang, I'm
eating scotch. Let's scoot.

Apartment: Pizza Guy

Apartment: I'm lost.
Here a bed, there a
bed: no everywhere.
Scattered butts hang.
Couch: seat between
two, silk-skirted, red.
Blood on tracks left
on coats, racks, bed-
spreads, cool, kempt.
Vibe: pulsing wants.
Sandwich, mayo me,
white-out, come age.
Hey, you two: do I
look like the pizza guy?

Big Black Car

Your middle: tongue
(hers), man (me), riding
together, I bitch (middle's
middle). I tongue man
you, her, spacious, it, of
you, all of us, can't feel
a nothing, I can't. Not
of this, of you, of her,
of all of this riding, in
what looks big, black,
has tongue-room. I
can't feel a thing. I feel
nothing of bigness, black
fur interior her you. Ride.

Bathtub

Syntactic inversion, when
applied to three lovers, is
a bathtub forced to hold
more than it needs to. I
want to emphasize this:
at no point did I touch
both at once. In fact, if
you take a way a rouge-
red surface, how dismal:
soap, bubbles, razors, &
a bunch of drunken limbs.
Not much ecstasy. Fog in
mirrors meant confusion,
not consummation. Or come.

Charnel Smoke

We're no holy trinity —
our mouths full of glass-
bits stained red, altars set
up to hold limbs heaved
over each other, cement-
thick, drizzled on, wisps
of charnel smoke rising
in clumps of sodden ash.
Resurrection is just more
sex, incarnation guessed
dimly, owing to jolts in
groins groined like earth.
I say "love", what comes?
Nothing but wine, bodies.

Downs

Round two, night two:
rubber off, clammy-baked,
knee-bounce, they take
turns taking it, & me, in
where shadow-plays go.
Sheets: washed. Pillows:
put up for my head, as
she leans in, hands on
my ass, as bounces her
other, as I am hollow,
as this is a perfect void.
As this is, as things go,
a ghost video for the Internet.
I am ghosted: house of undoing.

Sunday Morning

Dawn: two down, one up.
I'm a blown-out tire, limp,
scuttling to roadside diners,
sipping coffee alone, both
hungers hung like posters
in chill blood-contours,
sputtered past me, paste.
I took them on in haste,
so close behind me they
lay, laid, lying in wait to
do it all again, leave me
without a pump, means
of being full. I feel dull.
Memento mori means eggs.

Sunny Afternoon

Wicker Park coffee bar:
I'm stirred, ill-starred, I
sit surrounded. Bounds
the deer, straight into a
headlight: two, bright. I
hang on one more cup,
rapping to a sylph that
hovers above: *save me*
from this squeeze, tracks
on my knee. She stirs
me more. I spoon #2
better, who's on a cell
phone date even as we
speak: *talk to me*. Please.

Back of a Car

Asinine, as is, this ass is:
ass I zip down into zero:
anal, a null, a void, this is.
I'm behind a behind that
sits smoking, rubbing, pink-
tipped, tender, butt, button.
She watches me watching as
I go brown-nose in another.
Only *her car-ness*, averted by
eyes to a wall, seems happy.
Only she can stomach rubs
of the kind that want plugs.
Sparked tank, here comes
no come, & aggravation.

Grudge-Fucks

This, crazy, water-leakage:
I slip-slide away into you,
out of you, into her, out of
her, we're oil-slicked birds
squawking out minor-key
laments for lost closure. I
hang on the end of clothes-
lines: I'm ten sheets, each
dripped with grease, blood,
butter, milk, a catalogue of
epic grudge-fucks. Not that
anyone's come. Each kiss
is a suicide Jack in a game:
sixty-nine innings. No draw.

Cocaine Gums

I ache: dull, sharp,
in a heap of paper.
All paper: picture,
bright, bold, dark.
I have nailed you
to a piece: black.
I darken touched
things: I'm used.
I write you, you,
you, as if kissed
by a fresh body,
rose-petal bliss.
I drowse: numb
as cocaine gums.

Blue Monday

Inside out, upside-down,
round & round. Now it's
cyber, in screen-space, our
dance is, on the Net, it is.
A clip posted post-haste.
I'm a cipher, propping up
a pungent myth, academic
feminists might go for. I
sit alone, screened, screams
churning in guts, undone.
Group grope blog bloke,
that's me, player in three,
fuck in words cuts too, I
& you two, cut & pasted, spry.

Framed

Nailed, two, across—I
have been glimpsing me
from above, as the camera
would, I am a still, this
is a film, this has to be
framed, no, don't hold,
I can't, it's an offstage
arm, both you & you
speak like I'm (so) not
here, I'm celluloid, I'm
varicose, vein-soft, fake-
bloody, cut, I can't move,
you & you & I minted,
taped, uncensored, dead.

Gun Shy

How much can I?
Far from gun-shy,
I load, loaded, you.
I did, and you, too.
You and you come.
You took me. You
sucked come to run.
I'm bled, come too.
Awake, shaky, bed:
gun set red to stun.
Get myself ahead.
Get myself my gun.
How much gun for
three in love? None.

Tuesday

Yesterday don't matter:
it's gone. Now: cut. I'm
aghast. You're there, or,
you're here with me. No
car in sight. Sunset over
Millennium. Big bean's
accomplice. Look at this
big blue water: it's us,
& us alone, together, here,
now, acid-peaking sans
acid. Macro hand-holds.
Micro lip-twists. Lipstick:
I'm wearing it these days.
One on one: game, play.

Dear Prudence

I nail this down in verse
for one reason: pleasure
is an oasis in a desert of
fruitless labor, that is our
writing-place. This is
as valid as plucking fallen
leaves in a crisp October
dusk. In other words, I
was given cranium, on
many levels, drawn out
into an outpouring, she
made sure, I gasped out
a dying fall, convergence
occurred. Sue me, dear prudence.

Just You

Don't choose two:
I choose you, I do.
I choose to do you,
I choose to be you
in different places,
I am fucking you too.
Two is too much, is
too little, is butter to
milk shakes. Makes
sense to choose, it's
the best I can do, I
have no other mood,
moments are you,
& just you, too: just you.

Dancing with Myself

Whiskey

I don't think I know anything:
look how the sun sets in March,
a cool night, not dappled, not
glazed, a construction crew in
the street, grinding away at
pavement. These are my worlds,
alone, waiting to be born again
into her, or you, if you want to
read this: streets, walking, cool
like a flaneur around a city I
haven't loved in five years. I
know we'll come together again,
and if we don't I won't be to
blame. Tonight's for whiskey.

Gist

Baudelaire conflated solitude
with multitude. He was wrong.
Or, look how good it can get,
& bad, when you're backed in to
a corner with only work to prop
you up & give you gist. I'm in
love with you, I spit when I say
it cause I feel like I live in my
churned guts, I look out the
window, there's a street called
Race, *ha ha*, I couldn't be any
slower except if I started
popping ludes again. Once-a-
minute heartbeats rend.

Dark Lady

You're more of a Dark Lady
than I have ever hoped for,
especially because when you
betray me, it's with someone
I love: me.

 You're more of
everything, actually, & you're
also a pain in the ass. That's
why I haven't let you off the
hook. I'll wind up in my own
hands again tonight, sans
metaphors, like your full
moon in my face, but you'll
never know there's a man in you.

Off

I write best when I have
time to write well, & when
I don't I cook dinner for
myself, its' undercooked, I'm
underfed, as the moon gives
the stars head & I look at a
new skyscraper & remember
other, better times in my life,
who I was then, & yes I feel
myself start to spin like a top.
I have lived, I'm living, & it
only moves in one direction:
on. My "on" is different than
anyone's, it really is. It's off.

Kinky Verbs

We have coffee, we talk.
It's all very matter of-fact,
which is funny because I
sit there with a gargantuan
hard-on, & we start saying
the same things & I want
to reach over the table,
grab you, throttle, shake,
pounce, bite, tear, chew,
lick, all those kinky verbs.
I measure out my life in
Eliot quotes: this moment
can't be forced to its crisis
yet, but I'm no pair of ragged claws.

Kurt Cobain

About Kurt Cobain: I swear
(as I always have, even in high
school) that I don't have a gun,
& when I shoot it won't kill
you (much). Suicide applies
also to pairs of people who
make one person lying down,
& every two-backed beast
must decide at some point
to live or die. These are the
kind of thoughts you have
on really long nights, when
you find yourself too old
to do drugs. Comfort in sadness?

Palliative

I think of a window-jump:
a bloody corpse, pavement.
The point of no-point, gist
of no-gist, nothing mirrored,
just me dead. Smart to wait,
eh? Smart to see if maybe
something might happen. I
am holed up here, cloistered,
you might say, in this flesh
of my flesh, body I call me.
You may ask how many bets
have been hedged. I choose
(if you ask) not to answer. I
find silence palliative, free.

Crumb

My physical mechanism,
burnt beyond belief, sits
cross-legged on a wooden
chair, writing this out. I'm
listening to the first birds
of spring: urban hymns,
sonnets. Surely birds learn
at some point not to peck
at crumbs in the street, or
maybe not. I am, myself,
a crumb in the street, but
nobody's pecking, not now
anyway, this sixty degree
night, pitched to sub-frenzy.

Accost, accost

Staggering for a cigarette,
a Goon cliché, chez me.
I call your name out over
rooftops in my head: on-
lookers note how my
neck-veins strain, body
tenses, aura turns black-blue.
I am become a late Rothko,
waiting to be placed in a
chapel, where you may glide
by like Keats' Madeline
& I can accost, accost.
I fall, I swell: "thorns
of life" is a neighbor's cell.

Splat!

What greatness thrust upon
me? Solitary Saturday night
fever, jive talking to myself,
doing lines of Advil, falling
off imaginary bridges: splat!
The familiar trope of falling
endlessly, this is how I stay
alive. All because you are, I
affirm, more than a woman,
but, unfortunately, not just
to me, but to many generally.
I suppose I could blazon you:
rhubarb thighs, persimmon
twat, etc, but not productively,
& what would the Autumn say?

One Long Mistake

Once I heard a Zen master
say, *my life is one long mistake*.
Well, as I lean into afternoon,
I notice that running errands
doesn't solve anything, & I'm
defeated by my rudeness &
everyone else's too, & I look
forward to a day where I don't
feel taxed to the point of idiocy.
What happened was, I received
an insult in the mail, & threw
the I-Ching & a tough hexagram
came up. My lover's son turned
out not to be hers, but online, mine.

Objective Correlative

Talk about an objective
correlative: I walked into
my bathroom to find a
huge cockroach on its
back beside the toilet,
legs flailing (having just
discovered God's death
in Nietzsche, I'd guess),
but at any rate I killed
the bloody bastard, it
felt good, I felt strong
& thought: wow, to be
God all I have to do is
keep killing: what a buzz!

Deodorant Redolence

Rage is senseless, I rage
in a cloud of senselessness
against the confines of a
first layer of rage against
the confines of a region
of loneliness buttressed
by a feeling that deodorant
is an insult against redolence
that I haven't guts to embrace.
I shower every morning, I
even bathe after I shower,
what this has to do with
anything is beyond me,
except that I like your dirt.

Narrow Alley

I had a spiritual moment,
standing outside Wagon
Train, waiting for a pot of
coffee to brew, consisting
of this: sunlight striking
a brick wall on the far side
of a narrow alley put me
in London talking to Chris
McCabe on a sunny pied
day, not grey: languidness
mixed with desire through.
I leaned against a lamppost,
& this impressed me most:
as spirit goes, nothing moves.

Hyperventilation

Hyperventilation of almost
there: we'll make it yet, on a
dove's wing or any adorable
cliché you can imagine, we'll
make it, & then all this sad
time between will seem like
sheets of sound never heard.
We stand in our own history,
newly made & in the making,
we stand for each other
& for laying down together
to lay down burden's burden,
to make love's love in stereo.
I'm not a saint, you're not a ho.

Time's Arrow

Cigarettes smoke me, I
languish in their mouths.
I am eaten by my dinner,
flushed by my toilet, put
on the shelf by my books.
Time's arrow means that
the next line happened
before this, I am moving,
not crab-like, sideways,
but backwards towards
my birth. If everything
that's to happen between
us already is or was, I can't
whine about being born again.

Lick Butts

I find the city full of shit.
I find streets shabby,
bars tacky, poets
worse. What's all this if
you're here? Nothing. I
can embrace mediocrities,
lick butts off sidewalks,
piss in alleyways, only for
the joy of being near you.
But I'm still waiting, even
for that, & it's a chilly spring,
& I just swallowed a razor, it
tasted like musk of scallops.
I joked when I said I'd lick butts.

Office

This is my office: shit.
Imagination abeyance,
piercing eyes abruptly
withheld like legal pad
documentation of a car
trip around America. I
say, where are you, but
I know exactly where you
are, & how long it will
be before everything can
be spilled into its proper
container. No windows
in here either, an article
tacked to the wall: *Jacket*.

Stomach Flu

It's like, I have a virus
in my guts that forces
me to puke you up every
time I eat anything tasty.
I puke, shaking through.
I know what I need to do—
stop cigarettes & coffee &
booze & toffee & all things
that seem excremental
when lust for life has gone
rusty. Your increased bust
has made me allergic to
cherry flavored colas, syrups,
brandy, candy fits, & shit.

Tomorrow

In our beginnings are our
ends: tomorrow we meet.
I have called *de profundis*,
you have listened, & now
we're younger than a fete
in Liverpool, July, 1957, a
drunken teenager lighting
up a stage, come on, let's.
More happy love! More
happy, happy love! What's
happiest is the perception
that my eyes are clarified
to/for you, to/for me, & I,
when we're incarnate, one.

Two of Us

Screw

I want you to be like a bull.
I want you to call me a fool.
I want to be ass-proud for you.
I want you to call me to screw.
I know this iambic is dry.
I know this excess has to stop.
I know I can laughably cry.
I know blood can come drop by drop.
I come for you kicking my ass.
I've come to be making a pass.
I've come undistracted by "I".
I killed off my "I" as it's dry.
I start off these lines in the sand.
I want to end up in your hand.

When You Bit...

I knew every Dracula-like whim
I felt every pulse of salt-water
I screwed every screw into wood
I was with you in Atlantis

you were daft, exalted, pinkish
you were drunk on Margaritas
you were dark, pliant, rakish
you were ready to be examined

by my hands, twin detonators
by my tongue, laid on a half-shell
by my teeth, rabid officers
by my torso, raw, wave-flecked

this is not merely afterthought
this is first-time sparks, portentous —

Sweat

I'm willing to sweat
to get to you, if you
promise to sweat me
hard as any August.
I exert myself in red
exercises, smeared
lipstick on assets, not
yours, but this is not
what I'm coming to.
I'm coming, not to
get but to come out
and in, in and out of
what we might call love.
I pump you full of lost crickets.

Hips

I didn't have to let
my hands slide down to
your hips, but I did it
to express to you that
gravity works between
us, apples fall from
trees, knowledge lives
in apples, intact or bit.

There is no blush here.
There is only a stemmed
sense of the inevitable.
I am bitten through. I
am waiting for you to peel
"sin" from "skin". Again. Again.

Cake Walk

Am I rough enough
to disperse kinks in
your make-up, hitch
you to a post, make

you wait for my cake?
Waiting can be a bitch
when your sanded skin
still feels scraped, tough.

This could be cake-walk.
Are you too jealous, do
you feel urges to stalk
each stile I walk through?

What you see, you batter.
Who you walk on, matters.

Duration

This eclipse: I'm durable
only before, after. Throat
parched, nightingale loud
in my trees, I'm beechen.
I'm green. I send myself
into forests after you, I
skip over streams, being
stone: heavy, jagged, on
top of slugs, worms, dirt.
My heart: too thick, aches.
I don't want beer, I want
to be wound around you.
Deliverance: beds of muck.
It's what I can say you suck.

Empress, Reversed

I can feel how you want to turn
newly colored leaves over, but
not turn over yourself: thusly
avoiding change's busy necessity.
I am a leaf to you, I am openly
veined. I am not to tap but to
paste in a book, frozen in place,
tidy crisp surface, sun-spotted
but easily taken inside. I feel this,
with a sense of being rooted
elsewhere: in ocean, breakers,
crashing only to lash again.
Your creation is an alien.
I call him illegal.

Decreased

Skin is pierced; veins jarred;
quickly interiors come out.
You are decreased by me.
I am decrease made flesh,
piercing you, letting eddies
(preciously stored) free.
To be dead together: death.
Dead things are not scarred;
they drop, decay, stiffen. If
life is soft, this death is hard.
I say "death," I mean what
compels me to bite you. My
nails: bitten through. What's
simple to you: out of my eyes.

Mouth Around

I could fly with you
around the universe,
it would be no worse
than a kiss so untrue
it stings like alcohol,
or jellyfish veins, red
& blue, near squalls
of ocean, kept in bed.

If my currents sting, I
must say it's because
I'm a fool, pie-eyed,
with no grasp of laws
that teach our mouths
quiet. I mouth around.

Salmon

To swim up you, relax
into currents, join them
like upstream salmon, I
must forget skinned fins
you ate with relish, stew.
What I get; more head to
head swimming, or back
to back lust purges, screw-
topped horizontal strips.

I am no more and no less
than your zebra, zebra in
transition to fish, striped
to attract water out of you,
to move me softly to blue.

Hay Ride

I do long swings for
you, I am a monkey, I
climb without haste to
a perch of your making.
I am full of tricks, I can
see how you tinge, dye,
fringe, flip things around.
I do not wish to climb
down. I swing between
your legs, everywhere
else, too. You've taught
me what to do. Caught
in a sort of jungle hay-ride,
I eat what meat has died.

Denuded

Just because I remembered
your birthday, you think I
want to blow your candles.
I don't. I want to flick
a wick towards your wax
parts, partly waxing. I
want to pretend this is
a no-icing situation. I
have no scruples. I have
a bunch of holders. I
have a sense of timing
where fire is concerned.
Every match is happy.
Every suit is denuded.

Straw Rut

Well! If I were the twerp
you said I was, how did
the Red Sea part when I
crossed borders into hid
zones, stepped over your
straw rut to find a bed,
wove a winding sheet into
fortune-fucked tapestries?
Not that your head-flips
(matted flaxen vanity) or
self-satisfied, beer-dripped

smirks ever plagued my
flesh, but that you tried.

Severance

I will leave you, presently,
as your lips to me remain
marsh-grass catching dust
from a whirlwind of pain,
bulrushes sans Moses, rust
on the hinge of a trapdoor
used to fool circus-goers
into aping a jealous Moor.
Oh you are elegant, for
you know each sonnet
backwards that was ever
spat, but still you're on it,
the tapes, with limbs severed.

Love Poem

You say I'm "out there,"
you're "in here," where
you are, if here's a crab's
shell, a patch of crab-

grass, anything sharp or
snappish. You're closed,
simply. Or, say the war
points us from closure.

Don't wreck composure.
Don't mold me in spite.
Don't do anything, but
open yourself as a door,

that a knob might be used,
"in" & "out" re-confused.

I'm Down

Forest: within it, I'm
field mice, I scamper.
Over still streams I
watch your beechen
green strips fold off.
I hide beneath logs,
consoled by slugs. I
intermix with acorns, I
sharpen my teeth on
pictures of you. I am
down wells. I'm down.
My body is grounded.
I've been pounded by
solitude: thus, I frown.

Stiff Scorpions

This desert is of me: rubies
scattered past stiff scorpions.
Each tail that could've come
up, over small heads, now past
latency into permanent prick.
What's dead is still sharp: do
you dare wrest red rocks from
this heap? Are you scorpionic
too? Have they kicked you out
of encampments for flexing your
tail? These carcasses are wounds
I have given; rocks a secretion of
each short, sharp shock. I have
stung. I go on. Can you come?

Salted Skin

You're way out to sea
when you roll down your
car window, blast songs
written for high school
parking lots. I'm hardly
there. I'm occasional. I
float like an abandoned
raft in the passenger seat,
smoking butts, smoked
by your insistent nerves.
Maybe I glance over to
you, maybe not. Either
way, your salted skin
glistens, reflects, repels.

Sheet Covered

I am ready not for bed,
but for being sheeted,
shuddered over, under,
completed by your head.
This is no thin slice of
what passes for profane
love, gives aches, pains,
and also is sheet-covered.
I mean to say, sheets can
be a kind of metaphor, or
substitute for what plans
we make to cover wars.
I am ten sheets to wind.
I want you to film me again.

Hooded Eyes

I am alone with alone
tasting dregs, begging
to be let free into red,
where shots leak rose,

where come-hither glows,
& all the things she said
hover around me singing,
& the ways we were stoned

inhabit us like spirits,
light radiates out of us,
Gods are laughing near us,
not a sale but clearance

to be young, vindicated by
a certain gleam in hooded eyes...

Well

Root-dug: a deep well.
Many legged creatures
come out of it: they
dance, kiss. They are
putting out, blood runs
through them, out of
them, they know not
how much, nor what
the price will be. I'm
ready to jump in, I do,
& realize I'm derelict.
You have led me on,
I tell exiting creatures.
Balls, they say, we are you.

Publication Credits

Anti: "Sunday Morning"

5 Trope: "Hyperventilation," "Narrow Alley"

No Tell Motel: "Back of a Car," "Big Black Car," "Blue Monday," "Framed," "Sunny Afternoon"

Otoliths: "When You Bit My Arm," "Empress, Reversed," "Salmon," "Sheet Covered"

Skicka: "Grudge-Fucks," "I'm Down," "Three Sets of Teeth," "Cocaine Gums," "Screw," "Duration"

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